

CARRIES MEALS TO WORKMEN.

How an Enterprising Pennsylvania Boy Is Making His Fortune.

From the Philadelphia Record: Thos. Mintzer, a 14-year-old lad of Conshohocken, is probably the most enterprising youngster in Montgomery county. Through his own devices he earns \$15 a week and only works on an average of six hours a day. His business is meal carrier. About three months ago Tommy called on the employees of the different mills and offered to carry their meals for 15 cents a week. As many of the mills are running night and day his offer included supper as well as dinner. Most of the employees were paying 25 cents a week for the same service, and the boy's offer was promptly accepted. At first Tommy was able to carry the dinners in a large express wagon, which was hauled by a goat, but as he steadily gained customers it became necessary to get a large push cart, which he fitted up with shelves. His business finally increased so much that he had to hire a horse and wagon. His customers now number 130. In order to give general satisfaction Tommy starts out with the dinners at 11 a. m. and delivers those that are farthest away. He then makes a second collection at 11:45 o'clock, and, as these customers work in mills near their homes, the boy manages to have all the dinners delivered by 12:05 noon. His weekly collections average \$19.50 and as he pays \$4.50 for the use of the horse and wagon it leaves \$15 clear, which is more than some of his oldest customers earn in the mill.

A Shining Example.
Philadelphia North American: "I'm in favor of holding all we get," said the statesman.
"Do you think that a good national policy?"
"It's the principle on which I may say—hem!—my success in public life is founded."

Edelweiss and Others.
"What is your impression of Chicago?" asked the first street man.
"It is, indeed, a garden spot," responded his eastern cousin.
"Ah, I am flattered."
"Yes; so many beer gardens, you know."

General Manager Underwood of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has a plan to unify and simplify the titles of officials. Several of the officers have duties to perform which are not shown by their official designation, and on July 1st the following changes will be made: Harvey Middleton, now general superintendent of motive power, will be mechanical superintendent in charge of all shops, and the construction of and repairs to locomotives and cars. David Lee, engineer in maintenance of way, lines west of Ohio river, will be superintendent maintenance of way, trans-Ohio division, and D. A. Williams will be superintendent of stores.

The earnings of the Chicago Great Western Railway, "Maple Leaf Route," for the third week in August, 1899, show an increase of \$7,440.52. Total increase since beginning of fiscal year (July 1st) to date, \$111,260.07.

Mr. C. A. Christofferson is appointed Steam Engineer, with headquarters at St. Paul.

Charcoal is the great Italian fuel. Naples alone consumes 40,000 tons of wood charcoal, at a cost of from \$16 to \$20 per ton, the national consumption being 700,000 tons.

If your druggist doesn't keep **Coca's Headache Capsules**, have him order them for you, sent by mail on receipt of price, 10 and 25c. H. C. Co., Mason City, Ill.

The cheerful live longest in years and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent.
Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in action, easy in results—Cathartic. Candy Cathartic, ideal liver tonic, laxative and intestinal tonic. All druggists, 5c. box. J. H. B. Kline, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Perseverance often succeeds where luck has made a failure.

FIT'S Permanently Cured. No fee or remuneration after first day's use of Mr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$5.00 trial bottle and treatise. J. H. B. Kline, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon.

My doctor said I would die, but Pico's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kehler, Cherry Valley, N. Y., Nov. 23, '98.

Self-reliance and courage go a great way in human affairs.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

It is selfish people who discover the selfishness of others.

When All Else Fails, Try Vi-Ki.
Cures corns and bunions without pain. Never fails. Druggists or mail 15c. Vi-Ki Co., Crawfordville, Ind.

The better wit is the more dangerous is it.—Landor.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The receipts of **Suez canal** in 1898 were \$17,581,500.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Sweet merey is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.

Ayer's Pills Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All druggists.

Want your complexion or hair a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for Whiskers, Hair, Eyebrows, etc. Price, 25c. per bottle. J. H. B. Kline, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cocaine** REGULATE THE LIVER

JOWA FARM \$2.75
J. H. B. Kline, Ltd., 201 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BOOBINGLES.

"My dear," said Mr. Boobingle, glancing up from his paper, "I remark a considerable decline in the stock market. If this continues much longer, you will have to do without your new bonnet."

"Indeed, I shall not, Mr. Boobingle," rejoined his wife, "for the last four years you have remarked the very same thing at just this time when the spring styles commenced to appear, and I have made, unmade and remade my old hat times enough. This time I must have a new hat."

"But you look so charming in that one, it becomes you so well," said Mr. Boobingle, having as usual recourse to flattery to gain his point; "and I am sure you never can find anything half as suitable for your style of beauty."

Mrs. Boobingle appeared touched by this delicate compliment, remembered, however, that she had been caught by such remarks on several previous occasions, and resolved therefore to be wary.

"Thank you, my dear, for the compliment," she replied, sweetly, "but I really think I can find a bonnet that will look just as well and at the same time be new. I am sick and tired of that old thing."

"But, my love," exclaimed her husband, "when you bought it you said it was perfectly sweet."

"So it was at that time," replied the spouse, "but we must change our ideas with the times, and when I was in town today I saw some real dears of bonnets."

"I presume you call that frightful monument the minister's wife wore last Sunday a real dear," said Mr. Boobingle, sarcastically. "The price of it may have been high enough, but it obstructed my view to such an extent that I could not see the front part of the church at all."

"I hope I have better taste than Mrs. Goodman," replied Mrs. Boobingle, modestly. "It really is pitiful the way she dresses."

"How much do you think you would need for a hat that would suit your ideas?" asked Mr. Boobingle, seemingly submitting to the inevitable.

"I think I could get along with \$35," she responded, laying down her needle.



HIS BREAST SWELLED WITH CONSCIOUS PRIDE.

work, and preparing for the struggle which she knew was sure to come.

"Thirty-five dollars! My dear, do you think I have been up in the Klondike or used to be cashier in a bank? Thirty-five dollars, indeed! Why, my hat never costs over \$5."

"Yes, but your hats have no trimming on them and therefore are not so expensive."

"Well, I should say not. Great Joseph, \$35 for a hat! And Mr. Boobingle blew a long whistle to signify his surprise.

"Now, dear, you know I paid \$40 for my last bonnet, which you like so well," replied his better half, thus turning his own weapons against him.

"And besides I must tell you what Mr. Neighborly, who lives just across the street, said about you, dear Blodgett. Mr. Neighborly said he thought you were the best man to your family he ever saw."

Mr. Boobingle appeared nonplused for a moment, but soon asked timidly: "Don't you think, darling, you could get along with \$10 this time and next fall you can find just the prettiest hat you can find?"

But his wife was resolute. Only too often had she looked forward to that fallacious "next year," only to find that when it had at last arrived it was still next year, and did not produce one of those round pasteboard boxes, which usually contain some "creation" dear to the feminine heart.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed. "A fine hat, indeed, I would have if I had to buy it with that sum. Why, you would be ashamed to be seen with me attired in such a rig. No, sir, I must have \$15 or nothing. But understand, Mr. Boobingle, that if I cannot have a new bonnet I shall insist upon your resigning from the 'Hearty-Eaters' club and saving your dues, which, as I understand, amount to \$50 per year."

This club was composed of a lot of convivial spirits, who, in their younger days, had belonged to an association which rejoiced in the euphonious name of the "Bowling Bachelors." The Bowling Bachelors' club had been started by a man named Bowler, and each member, before being admitted to the club, was obliged to take a solemn oath never to marry and to forswear all intercourse with the gentle sex. For about two years the "Bachelors," as the town people dubbed them, thrived, and the dearest wish of each sprouting adolescent was to become a member of this celebrated organization and thus enjoy the luster which it lent to all who belonged to it.

All went well with the "Bachelors" until one day an awful event occurred, an event which brought a blush of shame on the unshaven brow of every member. This blow came wrapped up in a pure-white envelope and read as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sweet-youth invite you to the marriage of their daughter, Susan Sweet-youth, to Mr. Buncombe Bowler, Feb. 11, 188—."

Buncombe Bowler to be married! Betrayed by their president! Such were the thoughts that traversed the confused minds of the Bachelors, each one of whom had received one of the hand-somely engraved invitations, and one and all they hurried to the house of the founder of their anti-marriage club.

Here a jumble of reproaches, appeals and threats fell upon the dazed head of

the "Bowler" chief, but all in vain. Under the hypnotic spell of Susie Sweet-youth's mystic charms Buncombe Bowler remained steadfast and persisted in staining the fair name of the organization which bore his name.

The Bowler-Sweet-youth nuptials took place with great éclat and the dishonored Bachelors attended in a body. After the ceremony they betook themselves to the clubrooms, where they held a solemn autopsy over the remains of the Bowler Bachelors' club, now only an all too prominent mark for the jokes of the village wags, and disgraced in the eyes of the world. The club only survived the blow for a period of two weeks, when the treasurer eloped with a deacon's daughter, taking with him the funds of the club, amounting to \$6.75, and all the table linen, which shortly afterward graced the table of the happy pair.

The Bowler Bachelors' club was no more. Gradually and without apparent heed to the solemn vows they once had taken, they succumbed one by one to the charms of the maidens of Low-down Heights, until finally they had all united their budding destinies with some one of the sex which they had previously feigned to scorn.

It was at this critical juncture that Buncombe Bowler again rose to the occasion and suggested reforming the old club on new lines. Forgetful of the perfidy of their former chief, the now staid benedicts allowed themselves to be induced into joining the new organization, which was called the "Hearty Eaters' club," in honor of their president, Mr. Buncombe Bowler, whose talents in the gastronomic line were without rival. There was one thing, however, which the members insisted upon—and that was that their old treasurer, who had lately returned to town, bringing with him his wife and the table linen, be blackballed, for, while they could pardon a man for running away to get married, they could not overlook his using the sacred anti-marriage table linen of the "Bowlers" on his bridal table, and Mr. Quickaway was therefore refused admittance to the new club.

All these thoughts came to Mr. Boobingle as he meditated over the ultimatum of his wife, and he decided finally that, rather than abandon the "Hearty Eaters," he would yield his point and allow his wife to have her new bonnet.

"My dear," said he, wishing to appear magnanimous rather than beaten, "while it will be quite a struggle, I feel that I must keep up the reputation of my family in all times, therefore you may have your hat."

"Oh, you dear, good Blodgett!" cried Mrs. Boobingle, rushing into his pudgy arms and embracing him. "I knew you would let me have my bonnet, and I promise you it will be a dear."

And it was a dear, as Mr. Boobingle learned to his sorrow. When on the following Sunday he accompanied his wife to church, his breast swelled with conscious pride as he observed the effect of Mrs. Boobingle's "creation" on the female portion of the congregation, but his pride turned to dismay when he received the next day a bill thus worded: "For one hat, \$50; paid on account, \$35. Please remit balance."

And that evening, after a rather stormy interview with his wife, as Mr. Boobingle slowly wandered toward the "Hearty Eaters' club," he thought to himself that everything was costly in this world, even a "dear of a bonnet."

SLOT MACHINE SUPERSTITIONS
In New Orleans Trying Your Luck Is Almost a Crime.

The slot machine habit has become next door to a craze in New Orleans, and it is interesting to note the many odd superstitions it has developed among the players. Almost every dealer who has one or more of the devices in his place can tell numerous stories along that line. "One of my customers," said a tobaccoist the other day, "never plays anything but nickels of even date, and examines every five-cent piece he gets with that end in view. I have known him to go to some pains to get coins exchanged in order to try his luck. Another imagines that he is especially fortunate with nickels that were minted between 1870 and 1880, and will put no other in the slot, and still a third has the same peculiar idea about nickels of the 60s. It's very absurd, of course, but no amount of laughing will shake them, and almost every house has similar patrons. I have noticed that a belief in the good luck of "V" nickels is quite prevalent among slot-machine votaries."

"I refer to the coin that has a letter in place of the head. Whenever one is received in change it is almost certain to go into the box. A confirmed slot-machine player," continued the dealer, "is always on the lookout for hoodlums, and is quick to jump at the conclusion that this person or that is 'a Jonah to him.' One of my customers conceived such an idea in regard to a very nice little fellow who works in an adjoining office and comes in here frequently to give the machine a spin on his own account. By an odd coincidence the little fellow gradually got the same notion regarding the other fellow, and the consequences were amusing. They would often walk in by different doors at almost the same time and make a bee-line for a machine. Then, when they would catch sight of one another a look of mutual disgust would overspread their countenances, and they would scowl for the sidewalk. I tried to persuade them that by playing together they would 'kill' the hoodoo, but they wouldn't listen to me."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not Their Language.
Dorothy was greatly surprised to learn that one of her grandfather's hens had hatched out a brood of goslings. "I-I shouldn't think they'd mind her very well," she exclaimed slowly, "for how can they ever understand her dialect?"—Judge.

Of Age from Birth.
A prince of Wales is of age from his birth, and a chair is placed for him on the right of the throne in the house of lords.—Philadelphia Record.

Up in a Balloon.
The occupants of a balloon a mile high command a radius of ninety-six miles.

DISOWNS OUR FLAG.

AND SWEARS BY THE ENSIGN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Why William Waldorf Astor Had a Bogus Pedigree Manufactured for Himself and Became an Englishman.

William Waldorf Astor claims to trace his lineage back 900 years or more. This wonderful pedigree, which is given herewith, is pronounced fraudulent by no less a person than Mr. Laithrop Whittington, who is an eminent English heraldic authority. Mr. Whittington has gone through the French archives and other original sources of information and found the pedigree to be a collection of nonsense, containing several falsified dates in order to make it seem probable.

The alleged Astor ancestors are as follows:
Pedro d'Astorg (of Castile)—Followed Raymond, Count of Toulouse, to France after the war in Spain, 1085, against the Moors, who were commanded by Yusuf Tashafin, Moslem king of the Almoravids of Morocco. Received a grant of land from Count Raymond, whom he followed as a crusader to the Holy Land, where he was killed at the taking of Jerusalem, 1109. A Spanish queen granted to one of his ancestors the arms of a falcon argent on a gloved hand in acknowledgment of the capture of her favorite falcon. The recipient adopted as his name the Spanish word Azor (the goshawk).



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

Pierre d'Astorg—Served under Simon de Montfort, Comte de Toulouse, at the battle of Muret, 1213, in which the King of Arragon was killed. Bernard d'Astorg—A crusader serving under Alphonse, Comte de Toulouse, Guillaume d'Astorg—Present at the Fol et Hommage rendered May 1221, by Mairfroid de Chateannoul. Pierre d'Astorg—Seigneur de Noailiac, Limaluin, in 1268.

Adhemar d'Astorg—Served in 1298 in Gascony and Flanders. Bernard d'Astorg—Served against the English, 1329 and 1354. Pierre d'Astorg—Seigneur de Montbarrtier, Guienne, 1399, 1435. Jean Jacques d'Astorg—Married Anne de Montclair; served against the English in 1440, '42, '50. Jacques d'Astorg—Seigneur de Segreville, married Jeanne de Beaufort. Jean Jacques d'Astorg—Married Jeanne de Verdale. Jacques d'Astorg—Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Antoine d'Astorg—Baron de Montbarrtier (Haute Garonne). Served in Italy under Francois Ier. Married Marguerite, daughter of Roger, Baron of Montespie, Dec. 10, 1505. Antoine d'Astorg—Seigneur de Montbarrtier and Governor in the Diocese of Toulouse. Married Gabrielle de Goulen de Lux in 1553. His will is dated Feb. 27, 1587. The Chateau de Montbarrtier, Guienne, was destroyed by the Ligue in 1571. Joseph d'Astorg—Marquis de Rouquigne, married Miremonde de Mun, Nov. 10, 1592. Comte d'Aubarde-Bigorre, by gift of Raymond de Gourens, his aunt, Dame d'Aubarde. Paul d'Astorg—Seigneur de Auberde, Governor of Sedan, Marechal des Camps. Married Gabrielle de Maudoules, daughter of Giraud de Maudoules, Baron of Barbazan, July 31, 1629. Jacques d'Astorg—Comte d'Aubarde, Baron de

Barbazan, Seigneur de Tany, Mory Gindon and Belmont; married Ilaire de Busca, daughter of Baron de Peyrussé, Feb. 2, 1632. Jean Jacques d'Astorg—Born in France, Jan. 28, 1664. Fled to Germany upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1665. Married Anne Marguerite Eberhard in 1692. Died in Nussloch, near Heidelberg, Baden, April 2, 1711. Felix Astor—Son of the foregoing, born at Nussloch, 1693. Married Eva Dorothea Freund in 1739. Died at Waldorf, near Heidelberg, Baden, Aug. 10, 1765. Johannes Jacob Astor—Born July 7, 1724. Married Marie Magdelene Vorfelder, July 8, 1756. Died at Waldorf, April 16, 1816. John Jacob Astor—Born at Waldorf, July 17, 1763. Removed to America in 1784. Married Sarah Todd, Sept. 19, 1785. Died in New York, March 29, 1848.

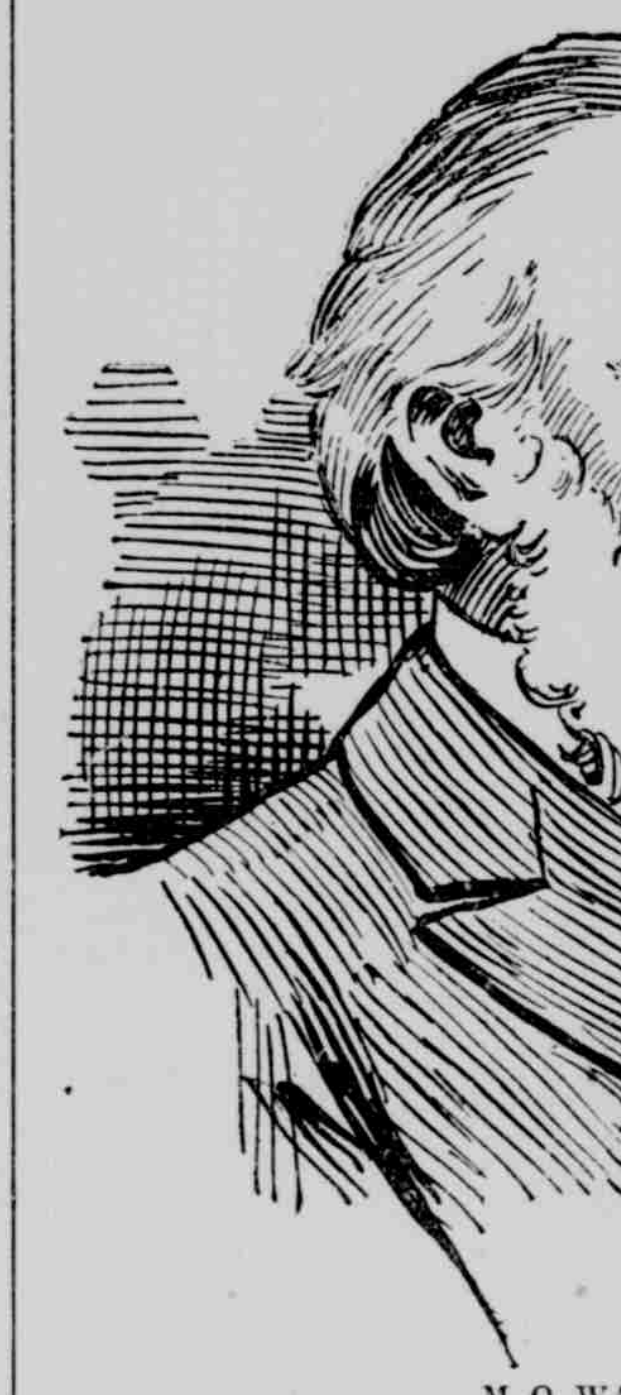
THERE IS NO GREYNA GREEN.
Place Where Romantic Marriages Take Place Has No Existence.

From the Genealogical Magazine: The novelists have woven a romance about Greytna Green and its village blacksmith which will last for all time and which for all time will supply a denouement to the wares of successive professional story tellers. The sordid facts of Greytna Green marriages and the still more sordid details of the Greytna Green registers are widely different from the picturesque romance which we associate with the days of postboys and the mad racing and chasing through Carlisle. The history of Greytna Green and its marriage registers, for they are the cause of the Scottish genealogy. The marriage laws in Scotland were and are (for they remain unaltered) atrociously simple, and there in lay the temptation and attraction of Greytna Green. Probably the novel-reading public will be shocked to hear that there is no such distinct place as Greytna Green; the name applies to a district comprising some number of villages or hamlets some miles apart. All that was necessary was to get over the border into Scotland and there make the necessary contract before witnesses. The blacksmith's shop on the high road north from Carlisle was the most easily accessible and was probably the best known, but there were some houses just over the border which kept witnesses at hand and retained a register of the contracts entered into. The registers were a secondary matter and the fees demanded were frequently large and, where secrecy was an object, extortionate. Those Greytna Green marriages still occasionally take place, though now only in residents in the neighborhood, but as similar ceremonies take place all over Scotland there is nothing especially distinctive about the contracts made at these Greytna Green marriage shops. But unless an actual and proper ceremony takes place we believe upon persons where both are of English domicile, though to those intending to elope we can offer the consolation of the fact that the preliminary residence and advertisement necessary in England are not compulsory in Scotland, and a marriage in a Scottish church is binding. So a couple of return tickets to Scotland may still carry matrimonial advantages. The British law attaches great weight to domicile and, provided domicile is established, a marriage legal under the laws of the place of domicile is held to be valid in England.

Their Favorite Colors.
The Sultan of Turkey's favorite color is dark red. The German Emperor likes his uniforms blue and red, and covered with gold embroideries. The King of Greece, who dons his uniforms as seldom as possible, has a marked preference for light colors. The Emperor of Austria has a preference for gray, while the Emperor of Russia likes dark green uniforms, and the King of Italy, excepting the rare occasions when he appears in a general's uniform, generally wears black.

CONVERTED BY MACHINERY.

Lawyer M. O. Waggoner of Toledo, agnostic and infidel converted to Christianity by sacred music issued from a talking machine, and who is going to burn his library in that city, is the recipient of many letters. They come from men in every walk of life. The majority of them are from curious individuals, inquiring if it is true that he has been converted from a scoffer to a believer. Many of them are from infidels, who call him a fool, and one man says he must have been under hypnotic influence. One enterprising book hunter in Cincinnati has written him offering to purchase his library at a good figure. As it has been known that he is to burn his books he has received numerous letters from persons who wish to buy certain volumes. He has received hundreds of letters from clergymen from all parts of the country, congratulating him on the stand he has taken in the matter. One professor of an Ohio college wrote him to postpone the burning of his books for just one month and reflect on the matter. Mr. Waggoner has been busily engaged recently in answering these letters. The men who have written him kind words he thanks, and those who have essayed to criticize his endeavors to show the error of their harsh words. Several agnostics have visited the city and called upon him. Long interviews have been the result, and the men who came to denounce him have gone away in a thoughtful mood.



M. O. WAGGONER.

Parisian gourmands devour 100,000 pounds of snails daily.

"She devoted her life to Christian science." "Indeed. What did she die of?"—Brooklyn Life.

INTERIOR OF CUBA.

VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE SEACOST CITY VIEW.

Daughters Sold by Parents—The Barrios Customs Seen Shockingly Brief and Colloquial to an American—Havana's Highly Ornate Hearse.

So much has been written concerning Havana and Santiago, and so little said of other large towns, the impression has been conveyed that there are but two cities on the island. Such is not the case, however, for some of the provinces, especially the western provinces, are densely settled, says the Washington Post. The province of Havana alone has nearly a hundred large towns. Those who have visited only the seacoast towns have seen the worst, and in fact a very small portion, of Cuba. Over two-thirds of the island is just as healthy, even during the summer months, as any part of the world. Two distinct classes of people live in Cuba. The people who live in the seacoast towns may be placed in one class, while those living in the interior towns form a distinct and very different type. These people differ greatly in their ways and customs. The coast people are more enlightened, the reason, perhaps, being that they intermingle with other classes of people, which partly proves that one great need of Cuba is the immigration to its shores of other races who will import vitality and enterprise. Naturally the seacoast towns have developed more rapidly, and the laws of civilization are more readily obeyed. In the interior towns, where other races of people have seldom been, the people in general are very ignorant. All classes of people in the interior are early risers. "Early to bed and early to rise" being their motto. As soon as darkness comes every place is closed up and quiet prevails. At 6 o'clock in the morning all the places are opened and business is resumed. They have not yet learned that Sunday is a day of rest and worship. All business places are kept open all day, and as many transactions take place as on any other day. Cuban men rarely go to church. But of the women it may be affirmed that they are very devout, and early in the morning they fill the churches. What strikes one forcibly is the great spirit of democracy that exists in the Cuban churches. Many of the negroes are very devout, and they go to church regularly. They are not relegated to the galleries or a few back seats, but may go anywhere. It is not an unusual sight to see a beautiful girl of haughty Castilian features telling her beads beside a rough-looking negro with only a dirty, everyday shirt between himself and the outer world.

In the interior of Cuba the marriage laws need much mending. Few Cubans are lawfully married and many of them have seven or eight wives. This is not only tolerated, but rather encouraged. Men will go around bragging about the number of mojos (wives) they have, and as the Cuban marriage laws are worse than the Mormon laws of Utah there is nothing to prevent a man from having as many wives as he wants. Courtships, as a rule, are of short duration, many not lasting longer than a week or ten days. Girls marry very young. Many are wives when they have attained the age of 12 or 13, and some even marry at 10. When they marry so young it is not always their desire to do so, but because they have been sold by their parents. Like our Indians, the Cubans, especially those living in the mountains, believe in selling their daughters. Whenever Cuban children are baptized the name of both parents are used. If Juan Rodriguez marries Maria Lopez and they have a child—a boy—when he is christened they choose for him the name of Francisco, for his full name will be Francisco Rodriguez Lopez, the mother's maiden name being added, which explains the cause of so many long names among the Cubans.

Hearses in Cuba are very rare. During all my travel I saw but one and that was in Havana. It is a magnificent affair, drawn by six jet-black horses. Two men in red uniforms trimmed with yellow sit on the box. Such gay uniforms at one of our funerals would perhaps be regarded as out of place. The well-polished brass that adorns its sides, and the kneeling angel on the very top, seemingly so eager to fly, greatly enhance the spectacular appearance of the hearse. Six men, three on either side, in black uniforms trimmed with yellow and wearing red-top boots, act as a body guard. Every time this hearse turns out the owner receives \$250, so it can be seen that only those belonging to the upper ten can afford to be driven to their graves in a hearse. The lower class makes use of all kinds of vehicles to convey their dead to the cemetery. I have seen a coffin laid across a heavy-wheeled cart, drawn by four oxen, off to the burying ground. Now we get to the interior where little or nothing is known of civilized customs. Bodies are often buried when they are still warm. All kinds of rough boards are used to make coffins. The old boards of a battered blackhouse near a little mountain town furnished several coffins during my stay there. Yet a coffin made of old boards is better than none. Some of the natives bury their dead in their back yards without even putting them into a box. But this is an exception to the rule, as is done by people living in the mountains, where there are no cemeteries. Every town has one or more graveyards, but a queer custom prevails. Lots are not sold, as in our cemeteries, but instead are rented by the year, and at the end of the lease the rent must be paid for another term in order to keep the corpse beneath the earth. In cases where it is not paid, the grave is dug up and the bones go to the bone pile. To look into each corner of the different cemeteries means that one must gaze upon huge piles of human bones.

Snail Food in Paris.
Parisian gourmands devour 100,000 pounds of snails daily.

"She devoted her life to Christian science." "Indeed. What did she die of?"—Brooklyn Life.

Two Week's Treatment Free.

The great blood purifier **Zaegel's Swedish Essence** of Life is to be given away free to readers of this paper. This medicine cures Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver and Bowel Complaints, by removing disease germs from the blood. Hundreds of letters like the above on file in our office are proving this every day. A reward of \$500 Dollars in Gold will be given to anyone who can prove that they are not genuine.

A book telling all about its wonderful cures and a free sample, large enough to convince you of its merits will be mailed to all who write to M. H. ZAEGLER, A. P. O. Box 531, Shelbyville, Wisconsin. A 2c. stamp should be enclosed in your letter to pay the postage on this free sample.

Seizure of M. Zola's Works.
The seizure of Emile Zola's works in Berlin, which has recently been reported, was not instituted by the German government authorities, or because the books themselves were objectionable. The German censor had nothing to do with the matter. It was simply the result of a quarrel between publishers, emphasized by the judgment of a Stuttgart court. It seems that the German library at Stuttgart and the Grimm library of Budapest had both secured from M. Zola the right of translating his novels into the German language, the one for Germany and the other for Austria-Hungary. It now appears that the Grimm library, getting out its edition first, immediately placed the books on sale in the Berlin book-shops. The publishers at Stuttgart, on being informed of the matter, at once instituted proceedings, and, according to the judgment above noted, an order was given to seize all of Emile Zola's works in German that had come from the Budapest publishers.

To Remove Scorched Spots.
Here is a valuable recipe which every careful housewife should preserve if she would have beautiful lines. Take the juice of two peeled onions and put in half an ounce of finely cut white castile soap and two ounces of water from the drugist; mix together and stir in one cup of vinegar; stand over the fire and let it boil thoroughly. Let the mixture cool before using. When linens are badly scorched spread the paste over the brown spot and leave till dry; then wash out the linen after which operation the scorched spot will be found to have disappeared.

Not His Obsession.
Old Gentleman to little boy who is smoking a cigarette—"My boy, don't you know that every one of those filthy weeds you smoke is a nail in your coffin?"
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